

Hawkins Hall Happenings by eggosnmileven

Series: [MILEVEN MULTI-CHAPS \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), College AU, Dirty Talk, Dry Humping, F/M, Falling In Love, Fluff, Grinding, I'm Bad At Tagging, Masturbation, Masturbation in Shower, Mutual Masturbation, Mutual Pining, Oral Sex, Romance, Sex, Smut, Tagging as I go, Vaginal Sex, mike is older than el in this story

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2021-02-21

Updated: 2021-03-07

Packaged: 2022-04-01 18:08:53

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 9

Words: 13,910

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

El Hopper is an incoming freshman at Purdue and is anxious to start her advanced education. When she meets her RA, junior Mike Wheeler, she is suddenly looking forward to the upcoming semester.

1. Move-In

Author's Note:

didn't realize that i never posted this story
here...oops!
so, here it is!

August, 1989

Purdue University

-

"Are you absolutely sure you have everything?"

El rolled her eyes at Hop. "Yes, Hop. Everything's out of the car, I'm good to go."

His eyes started to water as he looked around her dorm room, not believing that she was already moving in for her freshman year at Purdue. He's been so proud when she got her acceptance letter in the mail, but he wasn't quite prepared for letting her go.

"Alright, well, this is it..."

She chuckled and pulled her adoptive dad in for a hug, letting the tears roll down her cheeks and onto his shirt.

"I'm g-gonna miss you, Hop."

He squeezed his eyes shut, nose tingling as he tried to hold himself back.

"I'm gonna miss you too, kid, but you know that you can come home anytime. It's only a two-and-a-half hour Greyhound ride."

Eleven nodded, pulling away. "I know, and I'll come to visit whenever I can."

Jim smiled and reached down to plant a kiss on her forehead before

bidding her goodbye. Once he was gone, El looked around the room with a big smile on her face.

Finally, she was alone and able to live an independent life. Sure, she'd miss Hop and Joyce, but she's been ready to live on her own ever since the beginning of her junior year at Hawkins High.

Her roommate walked in and greeted her with an extended hand.

"Hey, I'm Max."

El smiled and shook her hand. "I'm El. I really like your hairstyle, it's so cute."

The freckled redhead smiled and twirled a strand around her finger. "Thanks! I love your jumpsuit. Where'd you get it?"

The two young girls talked for a while more and El felt really good about their relationship. She was really nervous about having a roommate after hearing Hop's horror stories, but Max seemed really nice and she could see them becoming good friends.

She was pulled out of her thoughts when a knock came on the door, prompting her to get up and open it.

When she did, she was rendered breathless as she met eyes with one of the most handsome men she'd ever met. He was tall, at least 6'1", and had a pale face pained with freckles. He wasn't traditionally handsome, no, he was rather lanky and a bit dorky looking, but he couldn't have been more perfect in her eyes.

He was looking at her with a similar expression, before he quickly snapped out of it and started blushing as he spoke.

"Hey, I just wanted to introduce myself."

He held out his hand, smiling down at her.

"I'm Mike, and I'm the hall's RA."

Eleven smiled and bit her lip, further admiring his imperfectly perfect facial features.

"I'm...I'm, uhh..."

Max came up behind her and put her hands on El's shoulder, chucking.

"This is El, and I'm Max."

Mike looked up at Max and smiled, shaking her hand.

"Cool, nice to meet you both. We're having a quick hall meeting later tonight, just so that you all can get to know each other and me a little better. It's at 8."

El came out of her mini-trance and blushed madly, realizing that she's been staring at him this entire time. She couldn't help it, she was absolutely fascinated by Mike the RA.

"Y-Yeah, we'll be there."

He was clearly flattered by the attention and perhaps a bit flustered as he rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly.

"Awesome, I'll um...see you there."

His eyes go wide and he looked at Max.

"I mean, I'll see both of you there."

Max nodded, unable to help the smirk that crawled across her face as he walked down the hall and around the corner.

She closed the door and Max immediately punched her on the shoulder.

"Girl, what was that?! You were practically drooling over him!"

El looked away bashfully. "It was nothing, he just..."

She tried to think of something.

"Uh, looked like someone I knew back home."

Max chuckled. "Sure he did."

"I'm serious!"

She held back her laughter. "Uh huh."

Both girls unpacked more of their stuff before getting ready to head out to the nearest dining hall for an early dinner.

Before they left, Max leaned over and whispered in El's ear,

"He liked you too, by the way."

--

8:00 rolled around quickly and the new friends found themselves running back to their dorm, trying to be relatively on time to the hall meeting.

When they arrived, the meeting had already started and everyone turned to look at them. Mike stopped talking and immediately made eye contact with El, which made her blush. They stifled giggles as they walked and sat down in front of their room door like everyone else was.

Mike waited for them to settle in before continuing to talk.

"I'll do a quick recap for the two who just got here."

He looked over at them, specifically El, and spoke.

"First, can you both introduce yourselves to the group?"

Max introduced herself first and then El.

"Great, so we were just going over some rules for hall etiquette. Since this is a coed hall, there will be designated times for showering. Girls are from five to seven, guys from seven-thirty to nine-thirty."

They both nodded along with him and Eleven felt his eyes fall on her for a few seconds every single time he looked around the group, a fact that made her stomach flutter. He spoke for another ten minutes or so before dismissing everyone. Max went into the room while El thought of a question for Mike.

"Hey, Mike?"

He turned around and looked at her, pupils dilating. "Yeah?"

El bit her lip, avoiding eye contact with him.

"Can I t-take a shower tonight? Is that okay, or do I have to wait until tomorrow?"

His mind filled with images of her in the shower and he had to hold back a groan.

"S-Sure. Um, this is kinda weird for me to ask, but c-can you redress in the shower a-after you're done? Just in c-case anyone e-else comes in?"

Her thighs rubbed together subtly and she bit her lip. Why was she so turned on right now?

"Oh, yeah, sure. I'll be extra careful."

She winked at him.

"Thanks."

He nodded, jaw clenching, trying to stave off the erection threatening to press against his jeans.

"Yeah, n-no problem. Have a good rest of your night, El."

2. Phone Numbers

Summary for the Chapter:

mike tries to give el his phone number in a somewhat discreet fashion ("somewhat" being the key word)

Notes for the Chapter:

here's chapter two!
this one is significantly shorter than the rest, just fyi,
but longer chapters are coming up, don't fret!

Eleven Hopper wasn't a "typical" college girl, in any sense of the word. She never had a boyfriend in high school, something that was her choice (she got countless offers, though), but she had lost her virginity over the summer to a good friend of hers, not wanting to go to college without some kind of sexual experience.

She was feeling extremely conflicted as she shed her clothes and wrapped a towel around her chest. Mike was so cute and really nice, but he was three years older than her and he was the RA. Plus, she wasn't even sure that he actually liked her back...he was probably just being nice. And, it would be inappropriate for them to be in any sort of relationship...but damn, she'd never been this attracted to someone before.

He was bringing feelings out of her that she'd never felt before, that no one else had ever brought out before, not even close. What was he doing to her?

El took a deep breath and grabbed her folded clothes and toiletries before opening the door. She gasped when she saw Mike standing right outside of her door, fist raised, like he was about to knock on the door.

His eyes flickered down to her body for a moment before he backed away, eyes wide.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry El! I didn't know..." He trailed off.

Somehow, El didn't feel weird about being in her towel in front of Mike. In fact, it felt natural, for some reason.

"It's okay, Mike, really."

He visibly relaxed, but he was still tense, trying to keep his eyes on her face and not anywhere else.

"What did you want?"

Mike looked confused for a moment before he suddenly shook his head, coming to his senses.

"Oh, I wanted to give you my..."

He realized his mistake for the second time today, mentally face-palming himself.

"You guys! I wanted to give you guys my phone number! I'm giving it to everyone in the hall, just in case anyone needs anything."

Max looked up from behind her book and observed the unfolding situation with interest.

"Yeah, totally. Let me just get a piece of paper to write it down."

She turned around and gasped when Max was right behind her with a piece of paper, a pen, and a mischievous smirk on her face.

"You should write your number down for Mike."

She bit her lip.

"You always need something, El."

El's eyes went wide and she mouthed "Stop it!" before turning back to Mike, smiling.

"I'll give you mine and Max's number."

Mike nodded and fiddled with his hands as she quickly wrote down

both of their numbers before tearing it off and handing it to him. He thanked her and tucked it in his pants pocket before turning to walk back to his room.

"Wait, Mike! What's your number?"

He had almost forgot about that, quickly turning back around with a sheepish expression written on his face.

"Oh, yeah! Sorry about that."

He told her his number and she wrote it down, putting it on her desk. Then, she grabbed her shower stuff and turned around, almost smirking when he was still standing there, clearly looking at her.

"Do you, uh, need something else?"

Mike quickly met her eyes. "N-No, I just...I was just thinking about something."

"And looking at something." Max said from behind them, chuckling as she watched Mike's cheeks go bright red.

El whipped around and glared down at her. "Max!"

"I'll just go...have a nice night, you two."

He awkwardly backed away before walking down the hall and El, in a spur of the moment move, caught up to him.

"Mike! I'm, um, sorry about that. She likes to joke around."

Mike smiled genuinely. "It's okay, El, don't worry about it. And, I should apologize too, I didn't mean to stare."

She bit her lip and held the front of her towel.

"Don't apologize, I..."

Was she really about to say this?

"I don't mind if you look at me, Mike."

She quickly turned around and walked quickly down the hall to the bathroom, leaving Mike with a slack jaw and tightening pants.

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivate me and i like hearing from y'all!

3. Tile Wall {LIGHT SMUT}

Summary for the Chapter:

both mike and el have...*issues* that need taken care of...but wait, what's that sound coming from the other side of the wall?

Notes for the Chapter:

chapter three has arrived! get ready for some steamy times (literally!)
;)

El quickly scurried into the bathroom and set her change of clothes down outside of the shower before turning the knob. As she waited for the water to warm up, she thought about the way Mike had looked at her when she answered the door in her bathrobe.

His gaze had lingered for a second longer than it should have and she shuddered at the memory. He was definitely checking her out, and clearly, he liked what he saw.

She then thought about his constant Freudian slips and his frequent forgetting to mention Max, two things that can no longer be coincidence considering how many times it's happened today.

Steam rose from the stall and El stepped under the stream, sighing loudly in relief when the hot water poured down onto her tired muscles. She just stood there for a minute, letting the water flow freely down her body before she was overcome with a sudden rush of lust.

Her nipples puckered as she lathered the shampoo in her hair, causing her hands to travel down to soothe the tension on her chest.

"Mmmmmm."

Her head tilted back, enjoying the sensations that shot through her body with each touch.

She couldn't stop fantasizing about Mike and she couldn't hold back anymore, the seemingly subtle burning between her thighs had suddenly become unbearable.

Imagining it was his large hands, she grabbed her breasts and squeezed, letting a soft moan slip from her lips.

"Oh god."

Her hands groped her mounds, squeezing then rubbing in continuous motions, causing small gasps and groans to escape her. She soon turned her attention to her pebbled nipples, pinching the buds softly, then harder.

"O-Oh!"

She gasped, feeling her hips buck forward.

"So g-good."

El's head tilted back as she touched herself, thighs rubbing together in an attempt to soothe the persistent ache between them.

Her eyes suddenly flew open when a particular pinch spiked her arousal.

"Mike!"

--

Mike couldn't believe what he was doing as he dug through his boxer and sock drawer for the latest issue of Playboy magazine. His cock was rock hard and pressing against his trousers, mind full of thoughts about El.

He quickly found the issue and threw it onto his bed before shoving the pants down his legs, groaning in relief when his cock bobbed freely in front of him. He jumped onto his bed and moved up until his back was resting on the pillows, fingers quickly flipping through the pages of the magazine.

"Jesus..."

His eyes rested on a page with a close-up of a woman touching

herself, nipples erect and pussy glistening.

"Oh, yes."

He wrapped a hand around the base of his cock and squeezed, letting out a shaky sigh at the feeling. He imagined El's hand wrapped around him and immediately he whimpered, feeling his length throb beneath his grip.

After on-and-off squeezing, Mike began moving his hand up and down, stroking himself with a firm grip. His head fell back against the pillows and his hips bucked up into his hand as he sped up.

His eyes opened up and he stared at the ceiling, jaw falling slack.

"El!"

--

Her motions stopped when she heard a muffled noise, seemingly coming from the other side of the wall. It sounded an awful lot like her name, but it was probably just her imagination, so she just continued with her touches.

Soon, she trailed her hand down her flat stomach and dipped her fingers between her thighs, digits instantly touching the sensitive nub there.

"Mmmmmm...shit."

She began rubbing herself in slow circles, mouth falling open and eyes squeezing shut. Her fingers quickened and her hips bucked forward with each and every touch.

As it often does, El's mind wandered to other things as she touched herself and suddenly, she gasped when she realized that Mike's room was on the other side of the wall.

Was it him that'd said her name a few minutes ago?

The thought made her moan, picturing Mike touching himself on the other side of the wall. Her fingers sped up their ministrations,

rubbing faster and with more vigor, fueling the fires of her arousal.

Her face was clenched, eyebrows pursed together as she rubbed her pulsing clit.

Suddenly, she heard a loud thud on the other side of the wall before another set of muffled words, one of which sounded a lot like her name.

She leaned back against the wall and turned her head to the side.

"Mike! Oh, Mike!"

--

He paused for a moment after his head fell back against the wall, eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Had someone just said his name?

No, it was probably just his imagination. Who would've said his name, anyways?

His stomach suddenly dropped when he realized who'd asked to shower tonight.

El.

Oh shit.

"E-El?"

Mike thought he heard faint panting and gasping on the other side, which led to his suspicion that perhaps she was touching herself as he was.

"J-Jesus Christ, I'm getting c-close..."

His hand sped up, now rapidly bouncing up and down on his length. He watched a bead of precum form at the tip before dribbling down, only to be swept up by his hand.

"O-Ohhhhhh, oh El, you're so beautiful. I b-bet you look so--fuck--

pretty r-rubbing your little c-clit and fingering your--shit--sweet p-pussy."

He swore he heard a moan come from the other side of the wall, sound only encouraging his hand to move quicker.

"Are you c-close, El?"

--

Now El knew that it was Mike, even though the voice and sounds were muffled, she knew it had to be him.

"S-So good, Mike."

Her fingers slipped into her wet and waiting cunt, making her cry out softly against the tile wall in the shower.

She heard another muffled sound from Mike, this time sounding like some kind of deep growl. The sound alone pushed her right up to the edge and she added a third finger, so close to her release.

"I'm g-gonna..."

Suddenly, her fingers rubbed a certain spot inside of her and that's all she needed to fall into orgasm, gasping and whimpering against the tiles.

"C-Coming, I'm c-coming Mike! For you, all f-for you, Mike!"

Her hips bucked erratically and her legs trembled beneath her as she stroked herself through orgasm, feeling the warm liquid dribble onto her fingers.

The muffled noises continued through the other side of the wall as she rode out her high. Her mind eventually cleared and she couldn't believe that that'd just happened.

What's gonna happen when she sees him next?

--

"G-God, El, fuck!"

Mike's hips were full-on fucking his hand at this point, chasing his rapidly approaching climax.

"I'm g-gonna...I'm gonna c-cum for you, El!"

He continued to fuck his hand until suddenly, his orgasm hit like a freight train, causing his whole body to tense up. Mike all but cried out as ropes of release soaked into his t-shirt.

"Take it, t-take it all! W-Wanna fill y-you up, El, stuff you f-full."

His teeth gritted together as he rode out his high, hips lazily bucking up into his slick palm.

"Fuuuuuuck, El, so f-fucking good..."

Eventually, he sat up and reached over for a tissue, cleaning himself up before tossing his shirt into the laundry bin.

He was in disbelief, unable to wrap his mind around the fact that El was touching herself to the thought of him, but also that she was doing it right on the other side of the wall.

What is he gonna do when he sees her again?

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

4. Campus Tour

Summary for the Chapter:

mike gives el a campus tour.

Notes for the Chapter:

another fluff-filled chapter, coming right up! :)

Mike cannot keep his mind off of El and what happened all night and into the next morning.

El could not think of anything else other than Mike and what happened last night.

So, it was just a matter of time before one of them makes the first move.

Much to El's relief, it was Mike who called her that morning, just before lunch time.

"Hello?"

"H-Hey, El. It's, uh, it's Mike."

He mentally face-palmed himself for his awkwardness.

She chuckled, almost as if she knew of his embarrassment. "Hey, what's up?"

"I was wondering..."

El's heart leapt. Was he going to ask her out?

"...if you and Max wanted to take a tour of campus today? We could stop at all your classrooms and stuff, s-so that you guys know where everything is."

Her heart sank a little bit, but she was still excited.

"Oh, uh...Max isn't here today, but if you're okay with it being just

me, I'd love to go."

Mike could've jumped up and down with joy in that moment, hearing her say that Max was out.

"Totally!"

Way to sound overly eager, Mike.

"I mean, umm, sure. We can leave, let's say, around one-thirty?"

She nodded, biting her. "Sounds good. I'll see you then, Mike."

They hung up and El squealed, rushing into the bathroom to take a quick shower before getting ready.

It was one-twenty and Mike had to tear apart his room, trying to find something relatively presentable to wear with El. He found a pair of khakis and a blue-green polo shirt, quickly putting them on, along with some deodorant, before walking out the door.

El opened the door and gasped quietly when she saw Mike standing right outside, just as he had last night.

She giggled as she stepped into the hallway and pulled it closed behind her.

"You've gotta stop stalking me, Mike."

His eyebrows raised in a panic. "W-What?"

She laughed.

"You always seem to be in front of my door whenever I walk out. It was just a joke, don't worry."

He took a sigh of relief and chuckled, rubbing the back of her neck. "Oh! Uh, yeah, s-sorry."

An awkward silence loomed between them for a moment as both of their eyes quickly roamed each other's figures, before El spoke up.

"So, where are you taking me, campus genius Mike 'I-don't-know-your-last-name?'"

His eyes darted back up to her and he smiled. "Wheeler, my last name

is Wheeler."

"Mike Wheeler...yeah, that fits."

He's confused. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just making sure you aren't giving me some kind of fake name."

She gave him a toothy grin, cheeks flushing pink.

"Trust me, it's happened before."

"Oh, wow, that's crazy. On behalf of the entire male gender, I apologize."

El laughs. "Well, I appreciate that. Luckily, some of the male species makes up for the other not-so-great ones."

"Am I one of the some that makes up for it?"

Mike bit his lip, not believing that he just said something so...straightforward and somewhat flirtatious.

She blushed even harder. "Depends on how good your campus tour is, Mike Wheeler."

He grinned, running a hand through his hair.

"Challenge accepted. Get ready for the best campus tour of your life."

--

"...And that's Lynn Hall, where your VET 101 class will be."

El nodded, eyes wide as she looked around the large quad, admiring all of the summertime flora placed throughout it.

"Awesome. Is that the last building?"

He looked down at her schedule, eyes scanning the page before nodding. "Oh, I've got to show you the education building. Here, this way."

They began walking out of the quad and up the street.

"So, what do you think of campus so far?"

She looked over at him with a small smile. "I like it. It's...big, but I'm sure I'll get used to it."

Mike nodded and chuckled lightly.

"I thought the same exact thing when I was a freshman. I promise, it gets smaller once you know where you're going."

"Thank you for showing me around, Mike. It's nice to have an idea of where I'm going before classes start next week."

He smiled, blushing a bit. "No problem. My RA did the same thing for me, so I promised myself that if I ever became an RA, that I'd do it for someone else."

"Oh, do you do this for all the people on our hall?"

His eyes go wide for a second. "N-No..."

He tried to think of something, anything.

"T-There's just too many kids, y'know?"

"Yeah, I get it." She bit her lip. "Can I ask why you chose to do it with me?"

Shit, how am I gonna answer that?

"Well, I n-noticed that you're from the same town that I grew up in, a-and I know it's really small, s-so I didn't want you to be i-intimidated by the c-campus, like I was."

Her face lit up. "Wait, you're from Hawkins, too?"

Mike nodded. "Yeah."

She frowned for a moment. "Hang on, I don't remember saying anything about it to you..."

"Y-You didn't, I--uh--s-saw it on your little door card."

"Oh."

Of course!

"Sorry if I s-sounded like, accusatory or anything."

He shook his head. "No, you didn't, and I'm sorry that I just like, came out and said it. I just f-forgot to mention it before now."

"It's okay, it just caught me off guard for a second."

Another moment of awkward silence hung between them, before Mike spoke up and pointed up to a large building, blush very noticeable on his cheeks.

"S-So, that's the education building."

She snuck a peek at the side of his face before looking up at the building.

"Oh, okay. C-Cool."

He nodded. "Do you wanna head back to the dorm now?"

El sighed. "Actually, I wanted to ask...are there any ice cream places around? I'm really in the mood for some ice cream."

Mike's face lifted and he bit his lip, holding back a smile.

"Yeah, there's actually one on the way back to Hawkins Hall. D-Do you want to stop?"

She nodded. "That would be great, if you don't mind making a stop. I totally understand if you want to just go back..."

He shook his head. "No, I'll stop with you. I love ice cream, too. What's your favorite flavor?"

They started walking back towards the dorm.

"Mint chocolate chip. Kinda weird, I know, but I love it."

"That's mine too!"

Mike and El look at each other and laugh, sparks flying between them in that moment.

"Really?! All of my friends make fun of me for liking it, but it's so good!"

"I know, right?! It's so much more refreshing than any other ice cream."

Both of them laugh and talk about their shared love of ice cream all the way until they reach the parlor. They each order one scoop of mint chocolate chip before Mike pulls out his wallet and pays for both of their frozen treats, much to El's protest.

They continue their walk back to the dormitory, licking at the icy substance sitting in the cone, more conversation flowing between them.

Soon, they reach the door to El's room, standing outside of it while they take the final bites of their cones.

"Thank you again, f-for everything."

He smiled. "It's no problem. I had a lot of fun a-and I like talking with you, El."

"Same here."

El returned the smile, a small blush reappearing across her cheeks.

They stood in front of each other, no longer trying to be quick or secretive about looking at each other, eyes running up and down the other's body.

Mike admired the small curves of El's body while El counted the freckles scattered across his handsome face.

Suddenly, Max walked in and saw the scene unfolding before her, smirking to herself as she walked up to them.

"Hey lovebirds, can I get through?"

Both of them darted their eyes away and blushed, stepping away from the door to let Max into the room. As soon as the door shut again, they laughed softly.

"So, I'll see you around?"

El nodded, chewing her lip.

"I certainly hope so."

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

5. Mike the TA

Summary for the Chapter:

mike's her english 101 ta?!

Notes for the Chapter:

chapter five!

El's alarm rang the next morning at 7 for her 8am class, much to her dismay. She groaned and rolled over to hit the 'snooze' button, sighing when the alarm went off. Her head rested on her pillow for another ten minutes before the incessant buzzing picked back up.

"It's too early for this shit."

Max chuckled from her place on her bed. "Someone's pleasant this morning."

"Why do classes have to be so early?!"

She sat up and jumped down from her bed, heading straight into the bathroom, locking it behind her. After cleaning up and putting on a bit of mascara, El quickly got changed and headed to the dining hall.

Much to her (pleasant) surprise, she ran into Mike on the way out. He looked just as surprised, smiling genuinely down at her.

"Good morning."

He looked at her tired state and chuckled.

"Lemme guess...you've got an 8am?"

El nodded, sighing. "Is it that obvious?"

Mike laughed.

"Only to someone in the same boat."

"I thought the best part of being a junior is that you don't have 8am's anymore?!"

Both of them laughed together.

"Yeah, I dunno who told you that, but unfortunately they're wrong. I've got 8am's three days out of the week, it sucks."

She nodded, playing with the charm bracelet on her wrist out of nervous habit. Even at 7:30 in the morning, Mike still looked incredibly handsome.

"Damn, that really sucks. I would probably spontaneously combust if I had more than one 8am in a week."

There was a pause between them, each of their eyes quickly scanning the other's figure.

Mike cleared his throat. "W-Well, I should probably get back to my room..."

El snapped out of it and nodded, cheeks turning pink.

"Oh, yeah! S-Sorry to keep you. I should go to the dining hall, anyways."

They started going their separate ways before El paused and turned around. "Mike?"

"Yeah?" He stopped and looked back with a hopeful glint in his eyes.

She smiles. "Have a good day."

He returned the smile, blushing slightly.

"Y-Yeah, you too."

--

El returned to the dorm at quarter to 11, eyelids drooping with exhaustion. Her class was pretty much all the way across campus, and even the brisk Indiana morning air didn't help her energy level. Neither did the large cup of coffee she picked up at the dining hall.

She drug her feet all the way to her door and opened it up, tossing her obnoxiously heavy backpack to the side before collapsing onto

the mattress, letting out a deep sigh on impact. She had a few hours to kill before her second and final class of the day, English 101.

If she took a nap now, then she probably wouldn't be able to fall asleep tonight, which would suck.

But, on the other hand, she's really tired.

Just in case, she set an alarm for 2:00 and started reading her book. Inevitably, her eyes drifted shut and the blackness of sleep overtook her within a matter of minutes.

Buzz,
Buzz,
Buzz!

Her eyes opened slowly and she groaned, realizing that she'd fallen asleep even though she swore to herself that she wouldn't.

Great, there goes my restful sleep for tonight.

She washed her face and put on a fresh layer of mascara before heading out for her English 101 class. Lucky for her, the building was only a five minute walk away from Hawkins Hall, so she made it to the building in no time.

When the TA walked into the room, El's stomach flipped.

It was Mike.

He met her gaze almost immediately and his eyes went wide, clearly shocked to see her sitting in the lecture hall.

The professor waited a few more minutes for more students to file in before he introduced himself and then asked Mike to introduce himself.

True to his dorky nature, he shoved his hands deep down into his pockets and scanned the crowd very briefly, eyes stopping on El for a second longer than they should've, as he introduced himself.

"Hey, I'm Mike, and I'll be your TA this semester. I'm majoring in Computer Sci and minoring in English Lit."

Professor Black smiled and patted Mike on the back. "Mike here was my best student his freshman year, so I asked him back as a TA."

Mike blushed at the praise and attention. As if he couldn't get any more attractive...

The introduction lecture started and El tried to pay attention and write down the important stuff in her notebook, but it was hard when she felt a certain someone's smoldering gaze on her. She looked over and the culprit quickly looked away, starting to write in his own notebook.

Her lips curled up into a small smile as she lingered on him for a moment before turning her attention back to the lecture. What she didn't know is that Mike had seen her smile, and it made his heart skip a beat.

Did she like him?

--

Class ended only an hour later, since it was only the first day, and El packed her stuff away rather quickly. She tried to time it right, so that she'd casually run into Mike and possibly walk back to the dorm with him. What she didn't anticipate was him taking so long talking to the professor, so she filed out behind all the other students, slightly dismayed.

Once she was outside and walking back towards Hawkins Hall, she heard someone running behind her.

"El!"

She turned around and saw Mike rushing up to her, slowing when he was by her side.

"Mike, hey."

He wiped a bit of sweat from his brow, trying to slow his breathing to a relatively normal rate.

"So...you're an RA and a TA? How do you find time for both jobs?"

Mike chuckled. "Well, for starters, being an uber nerd with little-to-no social life helps."

El throws her head back genuinely laughs.

"And it's really not that bad. The RA thing doesn't really involve too much work besides the weekly meeting, so it's easier than it seems."

She nods. "You must really like the school if you're doing all of this."

He finds that amusing. "Oh, it's really just to boost my resume... but yeah, the 'liking school' stuff too, I guess."

Both of them chuckle and El looks up at Mike, smiling.

"I think it's cool that you're doing all of this, no matter the motivation. You're really taking advantage of your college years, and I admire that."

His eyes light up and he blushes, flattered but a bit flustered by her kind words.

"T-Thanks, El. I, uh, hope that I can inspire others to take advantage of the opportunities life throws at them, too."

Soon, they reached the large doors of the dormitory and Mike held the door open for El, walking alongside her as they approach his room. He stopped outside of his door and she stood in front of him, tense silence lingering between them.

She looked up at him, hesitant to meet his gaze full-on out of nerves. "I'll see you later, I guess?"

He nods, fingers playing with the straps of his backpack. "Y-Yeah, totally."

El turned to walk away before a large hand wrapped around her wrist, pulling her back. When she looked back at him, he immediately let her go, looking as if he regretted his action.

"Umm...I just wanted to s-say that if you ever n-need help with English homework, I'm pretty much a-always around. You can just c-come and knock on my door."

The corners of her lips pulled up into a small smile and her teeth sank into the cushion of her bottom lip, trying to prevent the smile from growing further. She didn't want to give her feelings up that easily, or rather, more than she already has.

"Sounds good, TA Mike."

He chuckles and rubs the back of his neck as he watches her walk down the hall towards her room, eyes unable to peel themselves off of her beautiful figure.

These feelings are wrong, Mike knows that, and it's even worse now that he's technically her teacher. But he can't help it, El is...perfect in his eyes, and he isn't gonna let some lame University rules get in the way of his romantic life.

I'm gonna ask her out.

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more, please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

6. Hot in Here

Summary for the Chapter:

el's AC breaks on one of the hottest days of the year, and she calls mike for help. it gets even hotter in there when he arrives...

Notes for the Chapter:

last chapter marked the halfway point of this story!
what are y'all thinking so far?
get ready for it to get a lil hot in here ;)

"Hey, remember when you said that you're gonna ask that girl from your hall out on a date?"

He rolled his eyes at his friend, nodding along. "Yes, I remember, Dustin."

Dustin grins. "When are you gonna actually ask her out?"

Mike huffs.

"What? It's been like 2 weeks, dude. She's not gonna wait around forever."

Much to Mike's dismay, Dustin was right, El wasn't going to wait on him forever. But, he wasn't about to admit that out loud.

"I'll do it soon, Dustin. I just have to make a plan...I-I've gotta do it right."

His friend chuckles. "Mike, you're freaking out waaay too much over this. She likes you, right?"

That's somewhat of a weighted question. He certainly thinks so and his gut is telling him that she is, but there's always a chance that he's been reading things wrong.

"Uhh...I t-think so."

Dustin smacks his forehead. "What do you mean, 'I think so?'"

He shrugs.

"I definitely think she does, but what if I've been reading everything wrong? If I ask her out and she says no, it'll be super awkward and then she could go to the administration and get me fired."

"She won't do that to you, you're overreacting. So, it gets a little awkward if she says no? It'll pass eventually."

Mike nods. "I guess...but I need a clear sign from her before I do anything. I need to know for sure whether or not she likes me if I'm gonna ask her out and risk my status at the University."

"And where in the world are you gonna get something like that from her?"

--

The next morning...

El woke up in a sweat, but not from a dream or nightmare. No, it was from the lack of air conditioning and cool air flowing through her room. She swore that she kept it on last night, since it's supposed to be extra hot today.

She walked over to the controls and groans, wiping the sweat from her forehead. The screen was blank, which meant that the system wasn't working at all.

"Oh, fuck me..."

Her fingers pressed all the buttons and turned all the knobs, trying to get some sort of message on the little screen, to no avail.

There was only one thing she could think to do, and that was call Mike. She quickly dialed his number and let it ring, hoping that he was around to pick up.

Much to her delight, he picked up.

"Hello?"

She bit her lip at the sound of his husky morning voice. "M-Mike, it's El."

He seemed to perk up right away.

"Oh, h-hey. What's up? Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, well...no, not really, actually. The air conditioning in my room is completely busted."

The empathy in his voice was evident. "Shit that sucks, I'm really sorry. Do you need the maintenance center's number or something?"

"Yeah, that would be great, t-thanks. But also...Mike?"

His whole demeanor perked up. "Yeah?"

"W-Would you be willing to, umm, come over and maybe h-help me try to fix it? It's totally okay if you don't want to-"

Before she could continue, he butted in.

"I'll be right over, just give me like five minutes."

She smiled to herself. "C-Cool. Thanks a bunch, Mike."

A knock on the door was heard five minutes later, and she opened it to reveal the handsome young RA. He's wearing a muscle tee, athletic shorts, and holding a toolbox.

El was speechless at the sight of him. He was surprisingly toned for a guy who didn't really work out and she felt the space between her legs start to tingle as her eyes raked over his form.

Mike blushed under her gaze, clearing his throat to ease the tension building between them.

"Can I...c-come in?"

She snapped out of her temporary trance and stepped aside, cheeks going red with embarrassment.

"Oh! Y-Yeah, come in."

He immediately broke out in a sweat when the humid air in El's room wafted onto him.

"Jesus..."

El flicked on all the lights and moved some stuff out of the way to make it easier for Mike to access the controls to the air conditioner. He pulled out a wrench from the toolbox and tried screwing the knob on the side.

His voice startled her. "Where's Max? Out?"

She nodded. "Her boyfriend is a football player at Indy State and she's going to visit him for the weekend."

"Oh, that's pretty cool."

Both of them chuckle softly at the irony of his response. It's anything but cool in here.

Suddenly, the knob breaks off and Mike's eyes go wide, holding it up between the teeth of the wrench.

"Well, shit."

El groans, losing all hope that the unit will be fixed. "Great."

"I'm really sorry, El."

He frowns, looking down at the ground.

Out of instinct, she reaches out and cradles his face in her hand. "It's okay, Mike. The same thing probably would've happened if maintenance had come out."

His entire body tenses at her touch and his eyes dart up to hers, quickly relaxing at the genuine look in her eye. She really wasn't upset.

He smiled and pulled away, attempting to re-attach the knob to the unit. El joins in, trying to help push the knob back into its proper spot. They pushed and pushed and pushed, joined force still not strong enough to put the knob back.

Mike grabbed the hammer and El held the part in place as he tries to hammer it back in, to no avail. He sits back on his haunches with a

sigh, wiping the sweat from his face with his shirt, allowing El to see his somewhat toned stomach, as well as the patch of dark hair trailing from his belly button down beneath the waistband of his shorts.

She licks her lips, feeling herself grow even hotter at the sight of his bare skin.

Both of them were practically dripping sweat by now, El had almost soaked through her thin pajama shirt and Mike had completely sweat through his tee. He tried not to focus on the fact that El clearly wasn't wearing a bra and her nipples were erect against the wet fabric, but it was getting harder by the second...literally.

He grunted softly when his hardening length began pressing against his gym shorts.

Why did he decide to wear the one thing that would make it impossible to hide an erection?

Meanwhile, El was trying her best not to look down at the tent steadily forming in his shorts. She was already hot and had been growing wetter since Mike stepped into the room.

"M-Mike?"

El asked, voice meek.

"Would it be alright if I...i-if I took off my shirt?"

His entire body froze. "W-What?"

Suddenly, El realized that she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Oh! I forgot that I wasn't wearing anything underneath..."

Yeah, Mike certainly hadn't forgotten. It was the only thing he could think about.

"If I p-put something on, w-would that be okay?"

El in a bra...without a shirt on?

Jesus fucking Christ.

He nods. "S-Sure. Does that mean I can t-take my shirt off?"

"Yeah, sure, i-if you want. Just...don't turn around until I tell you."

She's changing right here?!

It took all of Mike's willpower not to try and sneak a peak at El's bare form as she slid on her sports bra. He quickly shed his shirt, suddenly not feeling insecure about his figure.

It was too damn hot to care anymore.

"O-Okay, you can look now."

He turned his head and felt his mouth dry up at the sight of her standing there, wearing only a sports bra and little silk booty shorts that accentuated her perky ass perfectly. Even though she didn't have the biggest ass or boobs, it didn't matter to Mike. She was still the sexiest and most beautiful girl he'd ever laid eyes on.

Her eyes darted to the floor and a bright pink blush spread across her cheeks. Mike realized that he'd been staring and quickly looked away, embarrassed and slightly regretful that he'd looked at her like that.

"El...I-"

She interrupted. "I, uhh, I'll call maintenance and see when they can get out here."

Mike nodded, shifting his torso away from her, trying to will his erection down to a hide-able level.

"O-Okay, I'll keep t-trying the knob."

The phone rang for a short while before someone picked up.

"Purdue University Maintenance, how can I be of assistance?"

El almost cried out in relief. "Hello, yes, I'm in Hawkins Hall and my air conditioning unit broke overnight."

How did she manage to sleep through this heat?

Mike was impressed.

The woman replied. "Just in time for the big heatwave, of course. What's your name, hon?"

"El, El Hopper. I'm in room 111."

Some typing was heard on the other end.

"Alright Miss Hopper...I can have someone out by the end of the day today."

"Oh my gosh, thank you so much!"

"Sure thing, hon. They'll be there around six this evening."

She couldn't wipe the relieved smile off her face. "I'll be here."

The call ended and El practically jumped up and down with joy as she bounced over to Mike.

"They'll be here at six!"

His eyes went wide. "Really? They're usually never able to be here same-day. You got lucky, I guess."

El took this time to admire Mike's figure, as he'd done to her earlier. He wasn't "buff" by any means, but he certainly wasn't scrawny, either. She'd noticed that his back muscles tensed and rippled with every one of his efforts to re-attach the knob to the unit, a fact that she hadn't been able to ignore after discovering it.

It was Mike's turn to look at the floor and blush, clearly not used to this sort of attention, especially not from someone like El.

"So, I guess I'll just...go, s-since the maintenance people will be here later."

He stood up and when he turned around, he was surprised to see El standing right there, looking up at him with pleading eyes.

"W-Will you s-stay, just for a little while?"

Was this really happening right now?

His eyes met hers. "You...w-want me to stay?"

She's blushing madly now, nodding softly.

"I understand if you can't o-or don't want to..."

He ran his hand along her arm out of instinct. "I'll stay...h-however long you need, El."

It's not like either of them hadn't noticed that their bodies were now pressed against each other, or that their lips were mere inches apart. In fact, they were hyper-aware of it as Mike leaned down and El lifted up, both tilting their heads slightly as their faces grow closer.

When their lips meet, it's like a burden has suddenly been lifted, the growing tension diffused at the first touch.

El's hands wrap themselves in Mike's hair while his trail down to grab her hips, pulling their bodies even closer together as the kiss intensifies, lips moving together without fault. She accidentally tugs on his hair and he growls, hips pressing forward further into her abdomen, allowing her to feel the full extent of his length.

Needless to say, she was impressed, feeling a certain wetness seep onto the crotch of her sleep shorts.

He pulled away after a minute or so, biting back a smile, finding a similar expression on her face.

"...Wow."

She chuckles, chewing on her bottom lip. "Y-Yeah, wow..."

There's the sign I was looking for.

The pressing issue in his pants is suddenly thrust to the forefront of his mind and he steps back, embarrassed beyond belief.

"I...uhh...t-this usually doesn't h-happen...I'm r-really s-s-sorry..."

"It's okay, Mike."

She's trying so hard not to look at the impressive bulge in his shorts as she continued.

"Would you like to go...t-take care of that?"

He nods shyly, placing his hands over the bulge.

"I'm really s-sorry, again. I u-understand if I've m-made you uncomfortable and i-if you want me to j-just go..."

"N-No!"

Mike's surprised at her sudden answer and she looked bashful as she continued.

"I mean...it's really okay, Mike. These things happen, it's natural and I certainly don't think less of you as a person. If you're s-still up for it, I'd like f-for you to come back after you're...done."

His eyes went wide.

"Y-You really don't mind."

It wasn't a question, merely just him saying it aloud to validate it to himself, to make sure that this was really happening.

She shook her head, smiling. "If it's any consolation, I...I got w-wet."

"Oh Jesus."

He growled, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Not exactly helping the whole boner situation."

"Oops...sorry, didn't even think about that."

They both started chuckling, the humor and awkwardness of the situation hitting them all at once. Mike eventually made his way towards the door, hands still over the front of his shorts.

He looked back at her with a small smile.

"I'll, uhh, be back in a few minutes."

She nodded, returning the smile. "I'll be here."

As he approached his own door, Mike couldn't help but feel a small rush of giddiness. He couldn't believe what just happened, nor why he was so damn happy about it, but he couldn't contain the wide grin that spread across his face.

She likes me...she actually likes me.

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,

please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

7. Friday Night Lights {SMUT}

Summary for the Chapter:

mike and el end up at the same party, with unresolved tension still lingering between them after the AC incident...

Notes for the Chapter:

here's chapter seven!!
we're getting to some sexy times now, y'all ;)

The first week of classes seemed to fly by and suddenly, it was Friday night.

For the last five minutes, Max has been trying to convince El to go to a party at one of the dorms close to Hawkins Hall.

"It's one of the girls from my econ class, she's totally trustworthy!"

El rolled her eyes. "You've known her for less than a week, Max."

"But you know I'm really good at reading people! C'mon, it'll be so much fun. Plus, maybe your RA boyfriend will be there."

Max winked and El shook her head.

"Mike doesn't really seem like that kind of guy...and he's not my boyfriend. We just made out that one time!"

"Even if he isn't there, it'll still be so much fun! Please come with me?"

She finally relented, nodding her head.

"Fine, I'll go, but you owe me."

--

"Come on! When's the last time you went to a party?"

Mike shook his head. "Dustin, I'm really not in the party mood. Plus, I've got so much shit to do this weekend, I should get started tonight."

His curly haired friend groaned before a lightbulb went off over his head.

"You know what? I think her roommate's in my econ class this semester...Max, right? Wavy red hair?"

Mike's eyes went wide. "Y-Yeah."

"So, there's a chance El will be there...everyone in that class knows about it."

His stomach fluttered at the thought of seeing El there. He looked over at his friend, narrowing his eyes.

"And you're not just saying this to get me to go?"

Dustin shook his head. "I promise."

He groaned, not believing that he was actually about to agree to this.

"Alright, fine. But if this was all for nothing, you owe me big time, Henderson."

His friend pumped his fist in the air, celebrating his victory.

"Yes! Let's go!"

--

Room 011 at Harrison Hall was practically overflowing with people when Max and El arrived, the sight making her cringe.

"Ugh, Max! Look at all these people! I knew we shouldn't have come..."

Her redheaded friend waved her off.

"It's gonna be fine! The rooms here are those apartment style ones, so they're really big."

They forced their way past what felt like hundreds of students and, as much as El didn't want to admit it, Max was right about the size of

the room. It was pretty big, and there actually wasn't a whole lot of people in the room.

As El scanned the room, her eyes landed on a familiar set, the one person she'd hoped to see tonight.

Mike looked just as pleased to see her and she smiled, walking up to him, blushing when his gaze ran all over her body. She'd purposely worn something sexy just in case this very situation presented itself, and it was definitely paying off.

"El, h-hey."

She bit her lip, holding back a fit of giggles. "Mike...I didn't pin you as a party kind of guy."

He chuckled.

"Yeah, I'm not, but my friend Dustin convinced me to come."

His face flushed a light shade of pink.

"It wasn't that hard to convince me after he mentioned the possibility of you being here tonight."

El's stomach dropped and her cheeks were bright red. "You flatter me too much, Mike."

She sat down next to him on the couch and gently put a hand on his thigh, running it up as she leaned in to whisper in his ear.

"I was hoping to see you, too."

He sucked in a quick breath before her hand stopped just below the subtle tent forming in his khakis. She smirked when he let out a shaky exhale, body melting under her touch.

"Wanna dance?"

His eyes went wide for a minute. "W-What?"

She chuckled, extending her hand for him to take.

"I want you to dance with me, Mike."

He nodded and allowed her to help him up, immediately finding himself being all but dragged out onto the makeshift dance floor in

the middle of the apartment. She turned around and put his hands on her hips before wrapping her arms around his neck, pressing herself flush against his body.

"I'm warning you, I'm not much of a dancer..."

El giggled, pulling his head down until she could whisper in his ear. "Don't worry, I'll do all of the work."

Mike groaned softly when she playfully nibbled at his earlobe, grinding herself forward into him. His erection was dangerously hard at this point and her grinding was not helping the situation in his pants.

She continued to move against him until he finally snapped, spinning her around and wrapping a hand around her neck, pressing his body against her back. His actions had rendered her virtually breathless.

He smirked and leaned over, breath tickling the side of her neck. "You really want to play this game with me, El?"

Her head turned and he could see a similar smirk tugging at the sides of her lips.

"I-if these are the results, then yes, I d-do."

"I was hoping you'd say that."

Suddenly, Mike was aggressively rubbing his aching hardness against her backside, holding her up while his lips attacked her neck. El had completely forgotten that they were at a party, so consumed with her overwhelming arousal. She began bouncing back against him, trying to tease him with a sort of sex simulation. She was shocked when he rushed them off the dance floor and pinned her against the nearest wall, hips now incessantly rutting against her ass.

"You think you're being cute bouncing back against me, don't you?"

She nods, panting softly.

He growls in her ear and rests his hands on the backs of her thighs, just below her skirt, slowly trailing them up until the fabric was partially bunched up around her waist. His body completely

encompassed hers, so no one could see what was going on, but the fact that someone could possibly see them fueled both of their arousals.

"Oh El...if we weren't at a party, I'd fuck you so hard you wouldn't be able to see straight."

Her panties were soaked through, she was sure of it.

"S-Show me."

Mike's vision went white for a second, body unable to process the sheer amount of hunger coursing through his veins.

"You want me to show you what I'd do to you?"

He chuckles, darkly.

"Okay."

His hips bucked forward roughly, making her gasp.

"First, I'd have you just like this, right here against this wall."

He reached around and slid his hand down between her legs, rubbing his long digits against her clothed wetness. His brain short-circuited when he felt how wet she was, completely soaked through the lace of her panties.

"Then, I'd do this."

His fingers pressed up, pushing some fabric right up against her hole. She spread her legs and tried to sink down, but he suddenly removed his hand before smacking the inside of her thigh, making her jump.

"So greedy. You like this, feeling my fingers almost inside of your wet little pussy, don't you?"

She nodded, feeling tears start to form in her eyes, overwhelmed with lust.

"M-Mike....p-please, I n-need it."

Mike huffs. "What do you need, El?"

"You, n-need you i-inside of m-me, now."

He wasn't going to pretend that he didn't want to just take her back to his room and fuck her senseless, but there was something about this pretend sex that was really working him up.

"But teasing you is so much more fun..."

El almost started crying in protest, then she felt something hot and hard in between her legs.

Did he just...?

His hips started rocking back and forth, rubbing her in the most deliciously teasing way. He continued that motion for a few moments before reaching down, poking his bare tip right against her clit, rubbing it. Then, he moved it down to line up with her clothed entrance.

"Can you feel it, El, feel how close my cock is to being inside you?"

Mike started thrusting up just to tease her even more, enjoying the small sounds she made. He could feel how wet she was and he could tell that she was just as turned on as he was.

After a few minutes, she reached around and held the back of Mike's head, pulling him closer to her.

"T-Take me b-back to Hawkins H-Hall, Mike. N-Need you now, please, I'm s-so ready for y-you."

He clumsily tucked himself back into his trousers, grinding his teeth together each time he touched his throbbing erection. Suddenly, he started chuckling.

"El, I really don't think I'll physically be able to w-walk 'cause I'm so hard from all this teasing. Let me go...take care of this really quickly and then we'll walk back to the dorm."

El nodded, trying not to think about Mike jacking off as she watched him sneak into the bathroom and shut the door promptly behind him.

Only a few minutes passed before he came out, face red and glistening softly from sweat. He wrapped his arm around her hip and held her firmly at his side, dodging and weaving their way out into the chilly summer's night.

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

8. The (Unofficial) Afterparty {SMUT}

Summary for the Chapter:

mike and el finally hook up!

Notes for the Chapter:

hey!

only two more chapters to go after this one!! crazy to think that we're almost done with our two college kiddos <3

i'm gonna miss them...don't know about anyone else...but i will lol

(this chapter is a bit longer than the rest, but not by too much)

also, keep an eye out for my two new multi-chaps, starting after the last chapter(s) of this story and my other active multi-chap, "the fallen"!

sneak peaks will be released soon, so stay tuned for those!! ;)

☐ PLEASE STOP, READ & ANSWER THIS QUESTION (it's for future multi-chaps) ☐

would y'all rather have me release 1 chapter at a time (with a relatively shorter wait time between chapters) or would y'all prefer me to do 2-3 chapter release "bursts" (you'd get 2-3 chapters at once, but a longer wait time between releases)?

please let me know!!

Mike's room door flew open and crashed against the wall as the two entered, completely entangled in one another. Their coats were carelessly tossed aside, and soon their clothes were in the same position, discarded in a pile while the two young (almost) lovers made their way towards his bed.

She worked her hand up and down his hardening length as he

worked the pesky clips of her bra, trying to get them undone, with little success. He pulled away from their kiss.

"Shit...stupid thing...fucking impossible..."
He muttered under his breath.

"Here."

El said, chuckling while reaching back to unclip the bra, almost instantly pulling it off her body. She dangled it in front of his face teasingly before adding it to the growing pile of their clothes.

"Showoff."

"I mean...I only have to do it every single day."

His eyes rolled. "That doesn't make me feel any better."

Her hand squeezed the bulge in his boxers, smirking up at him.
"Aww...Is there anything I can do to help you feel better, Mike?"

Mike growled lowly, hips bucking forward instinctively. Her lips began leaving kisses and small love bites on his neck while her hand continued its motions on his growing length.

Soon, he couldn't take it anymore, grabbing El's wrist as his lips crashed onto hers again. He pushes her down onto his bed before taking his boxers off and crawling on top of her, holding her wrists above her head.

"You have no idea how long I've been waiting to have you like this."

She bites her lip teasingly. "How long?"

"Ever since move-in day."

He smiles softly, eyes full of admiration.

"I've never seen anyone as beautiful as you, El...honest."

His grip on her wrists loosened for a moment and she took advantage of it, freeing herself before tangling her hands in his hair, pulling him down until their lips collided. She kisses him passionately, tongue exploring seemingly every inch of his mouth while their lips moved together.

El pulled away with a huge grin on her face.

"It was the same for me, too. You're really, uhh, y-you're really handsome."

Mike blushes, bending down to kiss and nip the skin of her neck, trailing his lips down to her perky breasts. He lightly brushed his lips against the pebbled nubs before licking a stripe across them, smirking when her back suddenly arched.

"Oh!"

He continued his assault on her breasts, eventually sucking her hardened nipples and rolling the bud between his teeth, two things that drove her absolutely crazy. She was starting to see stars as Mike worked her breasts, hips rolling against him in an attempt to soothe the burning between her thighs.

"God, El, how are you so wet?"

She smirked and shrugged as he lifted his head and looked up at her.
"Can't help it."

His chest rumbled with a low growl before his hand trailed down her stomach and dipped between her thighs, fingers brushing against her bare folds. The pad of his thumb pressed against her clit and slowly started rubbing circles over the sensitive bud, enjoying the natural reactions of her body.

Her face was twisted in pleasure, jaw tensed with eyes squeezed shut, and Mike thought it was one of the most erotic and beautiful sights he's ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Just seeing her like that spurred on his actions, rubbing her clit faster, harder, suddenly determined to see how quickly he could bring her to climax.

It didn't take long at all before El's hips were bucking erratically and she was softly crying out as her orgasm took over, pleasure slowly rolling in waves over her body. Mike watched every second of it, not sure if he even blinked, not wanting to miss even a second of her climax. His fingers continued to tease her through orgasm, finding her post-orgasm sensitivity simply intoxicating.

She had been reduced to a mess of whimpers and mewls, mouth open as she tried to speak.

Mike was amused at her inability to form words, while at the same time being amazed that he could create that with only his fingers. He briefly wondered how she'd be after he fucked her...

His cock twitched in anticipation.

"Tell me what you want, El."

El groaned, knowing that he was just teasing her. "Fuck, Mike! I want...I want you to fuck my face, but only if you want to..."

His eyes bugged out of his head. "W-What?"

He was in disbelief. No girl has ever been so enthusiastic or excited to do that before...

"You want...y-you want me to...?"

She nodded, chewing her lip.

"I want to make you feel good, too."

He shook his head. "You really don't have to do that just for me, El."

"But I want to, like...really badly. Please, let me?"

How could he deny an offer like that?

"O-Okay, if you really want to."

He paused.

"How...h-how do you want to do this?"

She patted her chest. "Just sit here."

His eyebrows furrowed.

"A-Are you sure? Is that gonna be comfortable for you?"

El chuckled. "Just get up here and don't worry about it."

Mike huffed in amusement and shook his head, biting back a smile as he scooted up her body until his tip was brushing against her plush lips. He couldn't deny that this was an incredibly arousing sight, but he was still worried about the position for her. That couldn't be comfortable, and he knew it.

"Are you sure you want to do this, I-like this? We can move..."

Instead of a response, she just nodded, opening her mouth and stuck her tongue out, licking the underside of his tip. His hips thrust forward out of instinct and he gasped at the feeling.

Sure, he'd gotten oral a few times, but it was never quite like this. But then again, none of the girls he'd slept with were quite like El.

She looked up at him with a reassuring look and he pushed forward, sliding his cock into her mouth slowly. He made it about three quarters of the way before she began gagging around him, which brought him to a stop instantly.

"A-Are you o-okay?"

A small nod told Mike what he needed to know. He was trying really hard not to lose what little control he had left, but he was slipping quickly, especially with how amazing her mouth felt wrapped around him.

Not to mention, she looked really fucking sexy with his cock stuffed in her cute little mouth.

He pulled back before thrusting forward again, eyes rolling into the back of his head at the pleasure spreading from his groin. She felt so much better than anyone he'd been with before, which was only three girls, but still.

His palms were flat on the wall in front of him as his hips began gently thrusting into her mouth at a consistent pace. He couldn't help the noises that escaped his lips, it was just too good for him to stay quiet.

"G-God...Jesus Christ...this f-feels so fucking good."

She smiled around him (as best she could) and flicked her tongue along the underside of him, forcing his hips to buck instinctively, forcing all of his length into her mouth. Of course, she gagged immediately, but this time he didn't pull away.

Finally, finally his dominant side has come back and El was excited, already feeling herself getting wet again.

"That's right, t-take it."

His hips stayed in place, one hand coming down to hold her on his length. What he said next was barely above a whisper.

"F-Fucking cockslut."

Her eyes roll into the back of her head and she moaned loudly around him, thighs rubbing together. His eyebrows raised in surprise, before a devious smirk crossed his face.

"Oh, do you like it when I call you that?"

She nodded eagerly and Mike growled, rutting his hips forward.

"Good, because that's what you are, my little cockslut."

He picked up the pace of his thrusts again, much more desperate this time around.

"P-Practically begging to have your f-face fucked, so desperate for my cock."

Her eyes were watering as he invaded her mouth and throat repeatedly, but she'd never been as turned on as she was now, hearing Mike say such dirty things to her. He had completely surrendered control, letting his body and lust dictate his movements, and nothing was more arousing than that for El.

"You look so fucking good like this, filthy little mouth stuffed full of my big cock, taking it like the good girl you are. Look at you, fucking crying around my cock like a slut, a disgusting little slut."

El was so wet, she was sure that she was dripping onto his comforter, never knowing that such offensive and degrading terms could make her feel like this.

Mike's head fell forward and his eyes fluttered shut as he lost himself to the pure pleasure surging through his veins. Just before he truly slipped, he pulled away, panting and out of breath. The gentleness in his eyes overtook the animalistic hunger and it was almost as if he didn't realize what he'd done, guilt written all over his freckled face.

"El, I..."

Before he could continue, though, El reached up and held his face

while pushing her hips up, giving him a pleading expression.

"Fuck me, Mike."

He was surprised at the boldness of her request.

"You, uhh, y-you liked that?"

She nodded, whimpering. "God, yes. I loved it, Mike, you're so fucking sexy."

His eyes began darkening again as he swiftly moved down her body once again, positioning himself overtop of her, tip rubbing against her soaked entrance. He groaned at the feeling of how wet she was just from sucking him off and he quickly reached over to his bedside table for a condom.

After rolling it on, he cradled the side of her face in one of his hands while the other lines himself up.

"You still want this?"

El almost cried out as she responded with an enthusiastic, "Yes, please Mike!"

He smirked softly and pushed his hips forward, sheathing his entire length inside of her welcoming walls. Both of them moaned at the sensation.

It took both of them a few minutes to adjust to one another before he started moving, quickly establishing a steady rhythm with his hips. Her hands gripped his biceps, holding them as if she would float away without them, eyes never leaving his.

"Mmmmmm, M-Mike...you f-feel so good."

Her words spurred him on, encouraging his hips to speed up. She gasped softly at the pace increase, back arching up, pressing more of herself against him.

Mike's teeth began grinding together, jaw clenched as he tried to control himself, wanting to make sure he pleased her to the upmost of his ability before his release.

"E-El, ooohhhh, you're amazing...i-incredible."

He bent over to plant a kiss on her lips, emphasizing his point.

She smiled, biting her lip. "You t-too, you're a-amazing, Mike."

As he continued, gradually speeding up every minute or so, she couldn't help but make more noises. They were music to Mike's ears, but she seemed a little embarrassed about them, trying to keep her mouth closed.

The next time she did it, he shook his head, eliciting a confused look to cross her face.

"D-Don't hold back, I l-like w-when you make n-noise."

Although still seeming a bit perplexed, she let the natural noises escape her lips, surprised at how much of an effect they seemed to have on her new lover.

They each felt their respective climaxes growing closer and closer with each passing second. El's walls began to clench rhythmically around Mike's shaft while his balls tightened, readying for release.

His eyes fluttered shut and he moaned softly, finally allowing himself to lose control in pursuit of orgasm.

But, he refused to let himself go until El came one more time.

"Fuuuuck, El, a-are you c-close?"

She nodded, hips lifting and grinding against him. "Y-Yes, oh please, Mike...p-please make me cum!"

Mike allowed his weight to rest on one of his arms, which was laying right next to El's head, while the other hand made its way down to tease her firm clit. It only took a few seconds of his fingers for her to fall over the edge, body jerking and jolting uncontrollably beneath him.

"O-Oh! Fuck, s-shit...Mike!"

He smiled briefly before his face fell into a determined look, chasing his own climax, which wasn't far off. Suddenly it hit him, hips burying themselves deep inside of her as he released into the tip of

the condom with a series of groans and growls.

"El, I'm com-oh!"

His hips rutted softly into her with each rope that collected in the condom, trying to ride out his orgasm as long as he could.

Both of them were reeling as Mike pulled out and crashed down onto the bed next to her, pulling the used condom off and tossing it in the trash.

After a few minutes, El nestled herself against Mike's warm body. He smiled to himself before wrapping an arm around her waist, pulling her even closer. She looked up at him, wearing a tired smile.

No words were needed in this moment, each already knew what the other was thinking and feeling.

They soon fell asleep, still wrapped up in each other's loving embrace.

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

9. Do You Like Pizza? {SMUT}

Summary for the Chapter:

mike finally asks el on a date :)

Notes for the Chapter:

hey!

chapter nine is here!! next chapter is the grand finale of this story....i can't believe it's almost over already! i hope y'all have enjoyed reading along with these crazy college kids, i know that i've enjoyed writing them!!

there is SMUT in this chapter. you've been warned.

The Next Morning...

El slowly awoke, immediately confused by the pair of arms wrapped around her torso. She tensed as she realized her lack of clothes, before remembering what happened last night and who the arms belonged to, instantly relaxing under Mike's comforting hold.

She smiled to herself, moving to turn around in his arms in order to look up at his sleeping face. His natural beauty was highlighted by the rays of morning sun peeking through the blinds, expression incredibly relaxed as his chest rose and fell with each deep breath. El found herself momentarily hypnotized by the sight of him, counting the freckles on his face, unable to peel her eyes away from him.

Suddenly, his eyes popped open and she gasped quietly, darting her eyes away from him.

He chuckled. "Creep."

"Hey!" Her eyes went wide for a moment before she rolled her eyes, laughing softly.

Mike smiled, looking down at her with a sense of admiration.
"Good morning."

She returned the smile, and the admiration. "Good morning."

They both looked at each other for a short while before El squirmed in his arms, biting her lip.

"As much as I'm enjoying this, and I am, I really have to pee."

He threw his head back and laughed before releasing her from his grip. "AAAAAAAnd there goes the mood."

Chuckling, she hopped down and picked up her panties before slipping into the bathroom. After she was finished, she came out and found that Mike had rolled over, most likely asleep once more.

She giggled softly and, after sliding his shirt on over her naked torso, pulled him onto his back and jumped on top of him. He groaned, opening one of his eyes to look up at her.

"Noooooooooooo, let me sleep!!"

El laughed and held his wrists above his head, preventing him from covering his eyes. "Miiiiike, it's like noon!!"

He tried to pull his wrists free, to no avail. With a groan, he relaxed, eyes roaming her figure.

"Fine, but I'm only staying awake because you look really fucking sexy in my shirt."

She bit her lip, teasingly swiping her hips against him, making him grunt lowly. Before she knew it, he'd flipped them over and was now holding her wrists above her head, looking down at her with darkening eyes.

"Careful with your teasing, El, or you'll start something you can't finish."

Her hips lifted up against him again, and a small smirk crossed her face. "I always finish, Mike."

"Shit."

Mike's eyes go wide for a second before he suddenly thrust forward, enjoying the small gasp that El let out.

"You're a goddamn tease, you know that?"

El nodded, smiling. "I know. I also happen to know that you like it."

He laughed, shaking his head.

"You got me, I can't resist you."

She smiled, pulling his head down and crashing their lips together. Mike kissed back with equal enthusiasm, hands running down to grab her hips, pulling her closer to him. She gradually began grinding on his crotch, smiling when he moaned into her mouth.

His lips quickly moved down to her neck, kissing the purple marks he'd left last night and sucking new ones onto her pale skin. Her back arched with each new mark made, whimpering softly when he nibbled on her earlobe.

"Mike..."

Her hands tugged at his raven locks.

"Mike!"

He pulled away, eyebrows furrowed. "Are you okay? Is something wrong?"

She shook her head, thumb brushing against his cheekbone soothingly.

"No, I'm fine, I just...I'm, uhh, a little s-sore from last night."

His eyes went wide for a second. "Oh! We don't have to...fuck, I'm sorry, I should've asked first."

El couldn't help but giggle softly.

"Mike, it's alright, really. You didn't do anything wrong or make me uncomfortable in any way. I just wanted to let you know."

Mike looked up at her, running his hands up and down her small curves, chewing on his lip.

"C-Can I still, umm, can I t-touch you still?"

She nodded, biting her lip. "Please."

He instantly pulled her down and crashed their lips together, fingers digging into her hips as she began grinding back and forth on top of his crotch. His erection quickly swelled and pressed uncomfortably against his pants, forcing his hips to thrust up against her.

Her lips nibbled on his earlobe as she moved on top of him.

"Mmmmm...so hard for me already."

His breath caught in his throat. "Can't h-help it, you look r-really fucking sexy in my s-shirt."

She smirks, moving down to kiss and suck at his neck and throat, earning several small gasps and grunts from between his lips.

"I love the sounds you make, Mike, they get me so hot."

He growls, hips suddenly bucking up. "El, fuck...k-keep going."

El sped up her motions, sloppily grinding on top of him, feeling herself growing wetter and wetter with each swipe of her clothed clit across his bare hardness. A bead of precum had begun to form on his slit and she paused, collecting it on her fingertip before dragging it along his head, feeling him throb beneath her in response.

Her hips picked up their pace again, head falling back as a series of soft whimpers escaped her lips.

"Oh Mike..."

Suddenly, Mike grabs her and flips them over, looking down at her with hungry eyes. He starts rutting against her, grinding his center against hers, jaw clenched as he tries to maintain control over his strong urges.

His hands rest on the backs of her thighs, keeping them spread apart while pushing them down closer to her chest.

El's mind was on overload; something about this sex simulation was turning her on in a way she'd never experienced before.

And she could tell that he was feeling the same way.

"G-Gonna cum s-soon."

He muttered, squeezing his eyes shut, clearly trying to suppress the

feeling of his impending orgasm.

She nodded, reaching down to rub her clit, back arching up at first contact. She knew that it wouldn't take much more before she would finish.

Her orgasm hit suddenly, freezing for a moment before the waves of pleasure rocked throughout her body.

"Mike!"

That was all he needed to reach his climax, quickly pulling away and furiously jerking off on top of her, cum splattering all over his button-up. His head fell back as a relieved groan left his lips, hand slowing its strokes on his softening length.

He collapsed next to her, catching his breath while she did the same. After a few minutes, he sat up on his side and looked over at her with a dopey smile.

"Do you wanna get dressed and come grab some breakfast at the dining hall with me?"

She nodded eagerly and hopped off the bed, gathering her discarded clothes from the floor before putting them on. He also got redressed, grabbing a graphic tee from his drawer, considering his button-up needed some laundering before he wore it again.

They made their way down the hall and out the door, walking towards the dining hall hand-in-hand.

-

Later that week...

"FINALLY!"

Dustin held up his hand for a high-five.

"I've been waiting forever for you to make a move on her!"

Mike rolled his eyes, but chuckled at his friend's theatrics. He then gave Dustin the high-five he wanted, biting his lip as he thought about El.

"Yeah, it was great...she's great."

"When's the date happening? Friday?"

He cringed slightly at the question. "We...I h-haven't exactly asked her out, y-yet."

Dustin's face fell and he smacked his palm on his face.
"Dude..."

"I know, I know. I planned on doing it sometime next week."

His eyes were met by Dustin's widened ones.
"Next week?! That's way too long, Mike. You've gotta do it today, ask her out for Friday night."

"Today?! No way, that's...she's probably already got plans."

The curly-haired young man sighed.
"Mike...just ask. She would probably cancel her plans if she knew you wanted to go out."

He nodded. "Yeah, I guess...how should I do it? Should I, like, call her? Or go to her room?"

"What feels right to you?"

Mike thought for a moment. She would definitely want to be asked in-person.

He suddenly stood up and quickly gathered his things, startling Dustin.

"Wha--where are you going?"

His backpack was slung over his shoulders in one swift motion and his eyes met his friend's with a serious expression.

"I'm going to ask her out."

And with that, he left, all but running out of the library towards Hawkins Hall.

--

"He still hasn't said anything?"

El shook her head. "No, and it's been almost a week. Should I be worried?"

"If he doesn't ask you tonight, then yeah, I'd be worried."

Suddenly, there was frantic knocking on the door.

"El, are you in there?"

Her heart skipped a beat at the familiar sound of Mike's voice. She looked over at Max, who was clearly shocked at his impeccable timing, smiling widely.

"He's here!"

She hopped up from her bed and opened the door, revealing a disheveled and partially sweaty Mike.

"Hi, Mike."

He smiled, wiping a bit of sweat from his brow.

"Hey El. C-Can I talk to you for a sec?"

His eyes darted back to Max, who was watching with interest, before returning to meet El's gaze.

"Alone?"

El nodded, stepping out and closing the door behind her before looking up at the handsome young man in front of her.

"What did you want to talk about?"

Mike took a deep breath. "I...I w-wanted to, uhh, ask you s-something."

Her breath hitched in her throat. "Okay, g-go for it."

"I know that this is like super overdue and I'm sorry it's taken this long, but I was wondering i-if you, y'know, maybe w-wanted to like...go out with me sometime? L-Like, o-on a date?"

He scratched the back of his neck, eyes quickly darting away from hers out of nervousness.

She couldn't help but burst out in a fit of giggles at his sudden nerves and awkwardness, as if they hadn't slept together already. His eyebrows furrowed and his mouth opened to say something, but was quickly cut off by El's lips crashing onto his.

When she pulled away, she held the side of his face in her hand, thumb brushing gently over his prominent cheekbone.

"Sorry, it's just...you're suddenly so nervous around me. It's cute." She chuckled and he smiled, blushing madly. Her eyes met his in a serious gaze.

"Mike, I would love to go out with you sometime."

His entire being lit up, face lifting with relief and happiness at her answer.

"Great, t-that's great! I know this is kinda last minute, but are you free on Friday?"

El thought for a moment, cringing slightly.

"Well, I'm supposed to go out with Max...sorry."

Just as the disappointment began to cross Mike's face, Max's slightly muffled voice came through the door.

"Oh for god's sake, El, you have my permission to ditch and go out with him!! Just say yes already!!"

They looked at each other with wide eyes before bursting out in laughter.

"I guess I am now officially free on Friday night, so I'd really like to do something with you."

She turned around and pounded the door, still laughing.

"And Max, quit eavesdropping!"

Mike chuckled and when El turned back around, he held her hips and pulled her closer with a big grin spread across his face.

"Perfect. I'll pick you up around seven?"

She nodded, biting her lip. "I'm looking forward to it."

He leaned over for one more quick kiss before pulling away and walking towards his door, suddenly pausing and turning back around.

"Hey, El?"

Her ears perked up and she stuck her head out from behind the doorframe. "Yeah?"

"Not that this has anything to do with our date or where I'm taking you, but do you like pizza?"

She giggled. "I do."

He grinned. "Great. And again, that should in no way indicate that I want to take you out for pizza on Friday night, I was just curious..."

El laughed, shaking her head. "Very subtle, I'm impressed."

Mike chuckled, also shaking his head.

"I'll see you Friday night, El."

She nodded, smiling brightly.

"Can't wait."

Notes for the Chapter:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

Author's Note:

if you liked this work and would like to see more,
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps
motivates me to write and i like hearing from y'all!